THE POLITICAL BORE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN FROM THE PARLIAMENTARY CAREERS OF MR. SEX-TON, MR. CONYBEARE, MR. KEAY, AND MR. LABOUCHERE.

London, July 21.

There is a kind of apostolic succession of bores in the House of Commons. Each session has its own; each year of each session sometimes sees the rise, and sometimes even the fall, of this singular species of the animal kingdom. If we went back to the days of Simon de Montfort, there, too, the oore would probably be found, and there is no intermediate period in which he did not flourish. But the weather is too hot to be historical; let us keep to the present, or to the very recent past. It is not very long since Mr. Conybeare might have claimed the henor of wearying the House of Commons more than any other. He irritated not less than he wearied, and he was therefore not the best type of bore; who, in his most complete form, should possess no other quality than that of intoler. able dulness coupled with frequency and prolixity. With these three attributes, he is perfect.

For it is not enough that a speaker should weary the House; there are perhaps few speakers who do not weary the House at times. It is not even enough that he should weary the House pretty often. Mr. Sexton, for example, does that. He speaks far too often, and he is almost always too long, and he is very often as thin as he is fluent. Toby, M. P., has christened him "Windbag Sex-But Mr. Sexton is capable of rhetoric; almost, at moments, of eloquence, and the House yawns in expectation of some good sentence or some fantastic flight. The expectation is sometimes rewarded, and sometimes not. But the mere fact of expectation relieves the tedium of listening. With the bore pure and simple you have nothing to look forward to but his sitting down. Mr. Conybeare was hardly ever on his legs two minutes without saying something which infuriated his listeners. He was ill-tempered, ill-conditioned, antipathetic. You sat while Mr. Conybeare was speaking very much as you sit in a dentist's chair, in continual anticipation of something extremely disagreeable. There are other words than hore to denote the operator who can give rise to expectancies of this sort. Bu Mr. Conybeare came to an end; he has hardly been heard for months.

There rose on the horizon another light brighter than his, Mr. Seymour Keay. He is a gem of purest ray serene. He has every trait and charcteristic which the champion bore ought to have He is dull in manner and in matter, verbose, confused, commonplace, devoid of humor or any sense of the ridiculous in himself or in others; pragpartie, selemn, stubborn, and to this day convinced that the refusal of the House to listen to him is due entirely to the inability of the House to appreciate him. He was elected for Elgin and Nairn In October, 1889; one of those bye-elections which gave such solace to the Gladstonian soul. He came in by dint of promising everything to everybody; and with the usual letter of indorsement from his chief. It is Mr. Gladstone's amiable peculiarity to believe well of everybody who believes in him. If you support him, follow him, vote white to-day when white is his color and black to-morrow, swearing with him that it is not black but white, you will have his blessing, no matter what else you do or say; or no matter so long as you do not rouse th Nonconformist Conscience. Mr. Keay was allowed to rant socialism, to preach land nationalization, and to pledge the Liberal party to revolution; all was well, and a majority of 500 and the cheers of the Gladstonians as he walked up to the table of the House of Commons to take the oath, rewarded

They who cheered have paid dear for their exultation since, and they cheer him no more. He is almost an exception to the rule of succession just laid down ; he is his own successor. He has a rival, as we shall see in a moment, but he disdains to yield to him. If he does not hold the field, he holds half the field. He has been howled down a hundred times, silenced by the Speaker, rebulted by the Chairman of Committee, cold-shouldered by his colleagues, ridiculed by the press. There is no humiliation he has not undergone, and there is none to which he does not rise superior. To contamely and to applause he is alike indifferent; to contumely because it is continuous, and to applause because it is unknown. His happiness and his pride consist in getting up in the House and, amid roars of angry derision, making what he supposes to be a ing built on the Kirchenfeld, and will consist speech on whatever question is uppermost. The dominant passion of his life is drivel. The word is not amiable; it is hardly civil; but it is descriptive. and I can think of no softer term which so accurately describes the oratorical exercises of Mr.

Whether he has a passion for notoriety or whether he was merely born insensible to ridicule, just as Mr. Pickens, of South Carolina, was born insensible to fear, may be a question. He rose yesterday-for the latest example will do as well as another-to reply to Mr. Balfour, who had said something about Mr. Keay's everlasting talk on the Land Purchase bill. The Chairman told him he was out of order. Did this ruling preclude him from discussing Mr. Balfour's conduct of that bill Certainly, answered the Chairman. In that case, said Mr. Keay, his remarks would be cut short The House laughed. "But I wish," continued Mr. Seymour Keay, "to show that the Chief Secretary has absented himself from the House on important occasions when I have risen to controvert the right honorable gentleman's arguments." The House laughed again, but the member for Elgin and Nairn could not see why. He is a Scotchman; he cannot be expected to see why.

Mr. Morton is Mr. Keay's rival; Mr. Alpheus Cleophas Morton. He, too, is the product of a byeelection. Peterborough chose him almost con temporaneously with the choice of Mr. Seymour Keay by the united borough of Elgin and Nairn ;-Peterborough, a cathedral town, and a town where the influence of Lord Fitzwilliam was supposed to be supreme. A son of Lord Fitzwilliam had been member for Peterborough. His sudden and tragic death-his horse fell with him on the lawn at the very door of Wentworth-left the Conservatives unprovided with a candidate. They sent down a carpet-bagger; and carpet-bagger for carpet-bagger, the electors of Peterborough preferred Mr. Alphen-Cleophas Morton. It may have been his name which fascinated them: there is no earlier case of record where a cardidate has been called Alphens Cleophas. He lives at No. 29 Sibella Road, Clanham; that, too, is equally without precedent, and must equally have had its influence. He is a common councilman of the City of London; and the combination of Cleophas, Clapham and Common Council could not but be conclusive. He was elected by a narrow majority, and once more the Gladstonians sang one of those hosannas to which they attune their voices for these rather casual

triumphs. The elect of Peterborough seemed for a while to hesitate: his choice of a subject was not made; like Bacon, he took all knowledge to be his province; and omniscience is a foible which the House resents only when to omniscience the possessor of it adds the missionary spirit. You may know all about chemistry-that early passion of the Prince of Wales-or political economy, or the tribal history of Central Africa, and if you will keep the information to yourself, nobody cares. Mr. Morton's range was wide, but he presently settled down to foreign policy. It was an unlucky choice, not because he knows nothing about it, but because the field was preoccupied. At first, he was not taken quite seriously. It was known to members of the House of Commons that the foreign relations of this kingdom were in charge of Mr Labouchere, and to supplant Mr. Labouchere in the confidence and esteem of the House seemed an ambition too mad to be seriously entertained even by Mr. Morton. His colleagues knew him as an authority in municipal affairs; as a member of the Wandsworth District Board of Works and of the City Commission of Sewers; knew him, also, as a Home Ruler. Whether they would or no, they had presently to accept him as a competitor with Mr. Labouchere for the control, or at least for the censorship, of Down-

ing Street. The peace of Europe passed into his charge, but

the peace of Europe in charge of the City Commissioner of Sewers seemed to the House uncertain, and provoked a storm in the House itself. He had provoked, by his prosing on other subjects, many a storm before, but he had heretofore refrained from rousing the jealousy of Mr. Labouchere. An accomplished writer who weekly describes to us the humors of the House "From the Cross Lenches -he is the same who enlivens the pages of Mr. Punch with the essence of Parliament, and it were hard to say which of the two is the more humorous and original-declares that it was the fear of facing Mr. Morton which kept the German Emperor from the House of Commons. Mr. Morton, on the day which rumor fixed, quite without warrant, for the corring of the Kaiser, was to discourse on the Triple Alliance: an alliance which Germany, Austria and Italy had inconsiderately entered without asking Mr. Morton's advice. But the Triple Alliance, as the world knows, finds its most formidable opponent in Mr. Labouchere. That eminent diplomatist did not think it consistent with his dignity to resent the intrusion of his colleague from Peterberough into his own domain, or to resent it openly. He waited, as his manner is, for another opportunity, and his rebuke to his rival in foreign affairs took the ferm of a playful remonstrance on the question whether the Government ought to provide huncheon for its clerks. Mr. Morton said no. Mr. Labouchere said yes, and he added that his honorable friend ought not to be blamed for discussing these triffes. "His honorable friend was in the nature of an elephant, being able to crush an oak or to pick up a pin with equal facility." There was consternation among the Gladstonians who heard this hard saying, and noted the tone of scorn with which it was uttered. They could not afford that two of their leaders should quarrel. Mr. Morton himself was overcome; he lost his self-possession and his readiness of retort deserted him. It was not till he passed into the lobby that he was heard to remark that the elephant was not the animal to whom his friend, Mr. Labouchere was most commonly likened and that the Zoological Gardens as well as the House of Commons contained specimens of the mammal whom Darwin had fixed on as the progenitor of the human race. This staircase wit, scintillating though it be, is of no avail in the House, where the answer must come at once if it is to come at all.

And it is thought at present that Mr. Labouchere has the best of his contest with Mr. Morton. There is even a possibility, though a remote one, that Mr. Labouchere might supplant Mr. Morton in the coveted succession to Mr. Conybeare and Mr. Keay. Mr. Labouchere as a bore is a possibility, not because a jest-book is, after a while, the most tiresome of all books, or because Mr. Labouchere is a jest-book in breeches. The possibility arises out of the fact that Mr. Labouchere sometimes tries to be serious. He tried, for failure was complete. "If," said on that occasion tation in saying that in my judgment about the an experienced member, "if Mr. Labouchere does not understand that he is here to amuse us, the sooner be goes the better." There is, in that single sentence, a world of warning, and the doom of an unbridled political ambition.

BERNE'S JUBILEE.

ITS SEVEN HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY TO BE CELEBRATED.

Berne, July 15 The seven hundredth anniversary of this city, which soon occurs, will doubtless be marked with the most imposing celebration ever seen in the Helvetian Republic. It is not alone of local interest. All the other cities and cantons are looking forward to it with equal anticipation, and a host of visitors will be here from foreign lands. So great is the desire to see the pageant which is being prepared, that already, a month in advance every window and every point of view along the route of the procession have been engaged, often at fabulous prices. And indeed the spectacle will be a notable one. It will be historical in character and will accurately reproduce the costumes and manners of every generation in the seven centuries. Every great event in the city's history, too, will be portrayed, and as the long procession winds its way through the picturesque streets of this quaint old city, it will present a scene of interest such as few eyes ever have beheld,

The most important part of the celebration, however, will be the so-called Festspiel. This is to be chiefly of a great spectacular historic drama. This drama has been designed and the text written by the Rev. Dr. Weber, a clergymen of Berne. His achievements in connection with the great Sempach festival in 1885 will be remembered by all who attended that celebration. On the present occasion he has surpassed his former efforts, and has produced a work of such dramatic and poetic merits as entitle it to a high and permanent rank in Swiss literature. It is a music-drama which he has written and the score has been composed by Herr Munzinger, the director of the Musical Academy of Berne. A choir of seven hundred voices will render the work, accompanied by a monster orchestra.

This music-drama is to be divided into six periods or groups, each of which seizes upon and sets forth some one leading feature of the history of the town in each century, as follows:

The foundation of Berne in 1191, by the Duke of Zahingen and his builder, Cuno von Buben berg; the motto of this group is "Freedom-a The Battle of Laupen, 1339, with the motcity." to, "Approved in the Fight," the defeat of the Burgundians at Murten or Morat, 1476, and the motto "Pesolute and Victorious." probably be the finest and most exciting scene of all. The Reformation, the period or group motto, "The Spirit of Life-giving Power"-in which Nicholas Manuel, Berthold Haller, Val. Anshelm and other Reformers hold a disputation in the cathedral, and return with Zwingli. The fall of old Berne, 1798, motto, "Everything Passes Away; Only Honor Remains," setting forth the victory of euenegg, the defeat of the Granholz, the discusions in the Council, and then the revival of "Is thy sword broken? Still hast thou manfully maintained thy honor." The last group "All for Fatherland"-is dedicated to Present," and sets forth the warm patriotic homage of "The Present" to Berne, and of Berne herself to "Mother Helvetia," who appears and takes part in her daughter's jubilee.

In the course of this performance well-known relodies are introduced, and as the Swiss are notably musical people, music being one of the most prominent features of their system of education. the immense concourse of spectators will resolve itself into one vast choir, joining in the pieces and chorales with a great volume of sound and chorates with a great volume of sound. Such, at any rate, is bound to be the case with the chorale in the Reformation scene, "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott," and the "Doch von Blitzen fern im Westen glubt es" (1798), and also in the "Berner Marsch." The solo parts will be rendered by native artists, viz., Berna, Frau Julia Uzziella Haring; Helvetia, Frau Klein Acherman; and Baselwind, Herr T. Burgmeier.

FILDAL PIETY ON THE STAND.

From The London Star.

There was rather a humorous incident when Mr. Mundella started to examine the witness Cridge at the Labor Commission on Wednesday. "Yon say that you get twice the wages that your father used to get?" remarked the Commissioner. Witness admitted that such was the case. Mr. Mundella, desirous of showing that the workers were very much better off now than then, went on to say: "And I suppose that your £1 now goes a great deal further than your father's £1 did?" Witness didn't see that the question only referred to the purchasing power of money, but took if for a personal reflection on his own father. So he stiffly replied to Mr. Mundella that he should not care to pass judgment upon what his father had chosen to do with his money. The Commissioners broke out into a laugh, and Mr. Mundella had to explain to Cridge what it was he meant. From The London Star.

FOR THE BRADLAUGH FUND. From The London Star.

From The London Star.

Miss Buyly, better known as "Edna Lyall," has written to Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner inclosing a firther check for £200 to the Bradlaugh Liquidation Fund. This sum is in addition to the £50 contributed by her when the fund was first started. Writing to Mrs. Bonner the other day, Edna Lvall said: "I never so much wished to be rich as the other afternoon when we stood together in your father's room among the books which have to be scattered." Mrs. Georgina Weldon is another contributor to the fund.

A SEA SKETCH.

THE LONG-BREATH CURE-SNUBBING THE BOSTON GIRLS.

FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE Weesen, Switzerland, July 10.
"I say that there is nothing like a lemon Half a dozen of us were lying in the shade of one of the lifeboats of an ocean steamer, in mid-Atlantic, when this dictum was pronounced. It was a perfect June morning, cool and calm and bright. We were discussing seasickness, its cause and its cure. Passengers always discuss that subject with a local flavor sooner or later during a voyage. And it happened this time, as it invariably happens, that one of the contributors to the discussion was dead certain that he knew of a simple specific which would "fetch" seasickness every time. He was a Western chap and, having lifted up his voice and remarked, "I say that there is nothing like a lemon," he looked into the faces of the rest of us, as though certain that the exiom for which we all were in search had been pronounced. But I made hold to turn on my elbow and gaze inquiringly into the face of the man next to me, who happened to be the ship's doctor. And he, accepting the challenge, quietly remarked, "Oh, a lemon is well enough for the time being, but its after effects are not so good." Then we all looked at the Western Solon to see what effect this drive at his axiom would have upon him. Evidently to gain time, he rose, walked to the rail and threw overboard the guid of tobacco which he had been vigorously chewing. Then returning to the shade of the lifeboat, he dryly observed, as he restretched himself, "Perhaps you're right, Doctor, regardin' them after effects, but I tell you that when a fellow's down with seasickness the time bein' is the only time he's got any interest in. And a lemon can be depended upon to fetch him round for the time bein'. I'll bet, if you take a hundred lemons to a hundred seasick men and say to them, 'My friends, here is somethin' which'll stop that awful feelin' you're experiencin', but I warn you that the after effects will not be so good,' that ninety-nine, if not more, out of the 100 will ery out, After effects be blanked-gives us a lemon!' That's the way I look at it, Doc."

There was a laugh all around, and then some one asked what is popularly known as the pivotal | that she was at the mercy of merciless waves; she question and he asked it of the pivotal man of our syndicate. "Doctor," said he, "will you be good enough to state what you regard as the best thing to take for sessickness?" It was hardly fair to ask a medical gentleman informally and gratultously to give a number of his fellow-men valuable professional advice. But the doctor was generous enough to waive the violation of example, in the debate on Royal Grants, and his etiquette, and instantly replied: "I have no hesibest thing one can take for seasickness is nothing."

Then the Chicago man, who was crossing the

Atlantic for the twenty-first time, took the deck (I may mention, right here, as showing his reserve, that to no one of the ship's company, so far as I am aware, did he mention during the voyage more than 350, or, say, 360, times that this was his twenty-first " ran across the ferry"). 'I know of a little expedient," he explained, "which has saved a good many persons from becoming seasick. The first time I "which has saved a good many persons from becoming seasiek. The first time I was, in my oninion."

"Do you think so?" said another. "I should call her a person of great decision of character, trip—I began to feel badly the second day out. I who proved herself equal to a serious emergency."

W. II. McE. was on deck when I was taken and remarked to the man with whom I was conversing that if he would excuse me I thought I would enjoy myself better lying prone in my cabin. The man saw what was up and said he: 'My friend, just stay where you are and do what I tell you and you'll be all right. When the ship rises just you take a long breath, as long as you can, and hold on to it until the ship goes down. Keep repeating that exercise and you'll find that you'll stave off seasickness I followed this advice to the letter and in a few minutes, to my great surprise and delight, I was feeling comfortable. During the rest of that voyage and all my subsequent ones-I think I have mentioned that I am now doing the Atlantic for the twenty-first time-I have had recourse to what may be called the 'long breath cure' for seasickness and always successfully." Before taking leave of this marine topic I may add from actual experience, my own and that of several other persons, that the "long breath cure" is certainly worth trying. It is always available, it is inexheld in a gigantic amphitheatre, which is now be- pensive. I have known it to work to a charm in more than one instance. Perhaps it is the faith

> Our captain was a most agreeable man. Looking every inch the sea-dog, alert, self-possessed, resolute, his eye, his walk, his conversation, the way he looked at the ship and the sea, inspired the confidence even of the timid lady who was going over without a chaperon. He took in the wide expanse of water at a glance, and watching him you felt sure that if there was any peril lurking in the waves or in the winds that were blowing over them he would instantly detect and overcome it. And so it was when standing on the bridge he reviewed his kingdom from stem to stern. You were inspired with the conviction that nothing escaped his notice, no rope, no spar. no bit of rigging, that if perchance there was any part of the brasswork which was not so bright but that it might be brighter he would note the absence of lustre and make it warm for the offender. Could be smell an iceberg as he lay sleeping? verily believe he could-he seemed to be that sort of a forehanded captain. And yet I must find fault with him, since it is clear that he did not treat those poston girls quite handsomely. They all carried Russian leather note-books furnished with tunnels at the back for the reception of slim. silver-headed lead-pencils. These volumes, I need not say, were dedicated to their "impressions" of their trip to Europe. Well, one night there was a good deal of a blow, nothing at all suggestive of one of those energetic storms out in the midst of which Mr. Clark Russell's characters are always caught. Still, the ship really did toss a good deal, and things in one's cabin did rattle about vigorously, while ever and anon the foghorn executed one of its distressing nocturnes. I was chatting on deck the next morning with the captain when the Boston girls came up and addressed him. They wanted to know if he had ever been out in a worse storm than the one of the night before. It was just here that this engaging son of Neptune dis appointed me, proved unequal to the delicate social requirements of his position. The young person of the bewildering gender is by no means satisfied with her first journey over the Atlantic unless she is convinced that her experience of the ocean is a unique and an impressive one. Your diplomatic sea captain, I take it, commonly panders to this yearning of his fair young passengers, for it is the commonest thing in the world to hear one of them on her return to America tell a company of breath-holding relatives and immediate friends that on her outward voyage there came a night when the good ship to ship is always "good." just # a villain of any dye at all is always " double dyed") came within an ace of going to the bottom. "The captain assured me the following morning," Matilda continues, "that in his fortytwo years on the ocean he rately if ever had faced an uglier storm." But to this sturdy aptain of ours the unfrescoed truth was of more ecount than the remantic aspirations of those Boston girls. Accordingly he met their question with the cruel remark; Why, bless your souls, young ladies, that wasn't what you might call a storm last night.' An admirable captain, a first-class working captain, a captain equal to every practical emergency of his position, but deficient in the fine art of

finesse. Some travellers characterize a sea voyage as monotonous. But to one who is sociably inclined, who keeps his eyes open and who believes that there is constant entertainment for mankind in the study of man, the short time which it takes to cross the Atlantic can neither hang heavily nor lack variety. On nearly every passenger-list will be found the man who loses his hat overboard; the man who walks the deck alone, with gloom on his brow and his hands clasped behind him like

who has registered an oath in high Heaven that he will persistently refuse the pourboire demands of Europe; the man who tells you how many times been over, and how much better the table he has is on the --- line; the man who carries the complete record of the ocean greyhounds in his pocket-book, and who counts that day lost during which he doesn't produce it for somebody's inspection; the man who sings "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep"-by request; the man who plays whist, and who now and then remarks, with a careful assumption of carelessness, "By Jove, if this were only poker, gentlemen, what a Gibraltar of a hand I would hold"; the man inclined to embonpoint, whose steamer-chair breaks down with him; the man who grows confidential to you under the stars in regard to the girl he left behind him; the man who turns up in the smoking-room every evening with stories which had become mossgrown before the contract was let for the first house ever built in Damascus, but who tells them as though they were as fresh as the unsalted Swiss butter which I shall find on the supper-table this evening; the man who can only spare a month for Europe, and would you be so kind as to tell him how he can spend his time to the best advantage; the woman—but the list is long enough as it is for my purpose.

"What risks we mortals take in pursuit of pleasure," remarked a serious-minded fellow-passenger one evening. "Here we are, fifteen hundred odd miles from land, affoat on an element which is notoriously treacherous, and pretty soon we will go to sleep with only a plank between us The observation was not new and destruction," I doubt if it served to render nervous any of those who listened to it. Man is an animal who takes chances and who thinks that "nothing venture, nothing have," is a good motto. The observation, however, served a good purpose, since it led to the telling of an interesting story of the sea which I know to be strictly true. A few years ago the wife of a leading business man of one of the great cities of the United States was out of health. Her husband suggested to her that they should rent their house and go abroad for a year. She assented, their home was rented, and they sailed for Liverpool in October with the intention of spendfing the autumn and winter at some pleasant point in the south of France. She was not at all seasick going over, but suffered acutely from seafright. It was constantly impressed upon her never lay down at night without a realizing sense of that one plank between her and the awful deep. The result was that the voyage to her was little better than an agony. Accordingly when little better than an agony. Accordingly when the ship reached Liverpool and she had crossed the gang-plank to the solid land she turned to her husband and said: "Now, I am determined upon one thing, and it will be of no use for you to try to argue me out of it. I'm going back home on the next steamer, the very next. It would be sheer folly for me to stay over here. Every moment I spent on the Riviera would be rendered unhappy by the thought of the dreadful return trip that was before me. I could enjoy nothing. So the wisest course for me, I'm sure, is to get the horror over as soon as possible. I must go back on the next steamer."

Well, the woman had her way. She and her husband went back on the next steamer, and

Well, the woman had her way. She and her husband went back on the next steamer, and pending the time when the lease of their most comfortable furnished house was up, they lived at a hotel. That's the story. When the man who told it got through, one of his listeners commented: "And an uncommonly silly woman she was in my opinion."

THE FALL OF A MONARCHY.

THE SIGN "TO LET" PLACED BY A PRINCESS UPON A WINDOW OF THE TUILERIES-REM-INISCENCES OF MADAME DE GONTAUT-BIRON.

In the memoirs of Madame de Gontaut-Biron, yet apublished, but which are partly reproduced in the latest numbers of a Paris review, highly interesting reminiscences are found, especially in regard to the 1830. The Duchess relates that the latest king of the morning. Why all these blows-and to an Americlifer branch of the Bourbons read to her the manu- can citizen? You may say, Because there was a script of the message he was about to send to the

"This is just what is wanted. Are you unaware of the malevolence and the intrigues which are contantly levelled at me? Oh! I tell you, indeed; I canunder the door' and leave!"

That scene was enacted in the King's cabinet or vince me of that fog. library, and his granddaughter was present. She said

"What shall we do afterward, grandpa?"

Charles X went out without answering. A few oments later a crowd of people assembled in the Tuileries, under the window of the royal apartments, saw a paper glued in the centre of a pane of glass, which everybody attempted to decipher. Some one succeeded at last and read aloud :

"House to let." The bill had been written by the little Princess and placarded by her. A few days later the revolution of July, 1830, occurred, and Charles X, who had laughed at the joke of his granddaughter, without seeing in it a ad presage, started on the road to exile. The royal family was in the castle of St. Cloud when the first rumors of the revolt in Paris were received. The flight was begun at once. The sleeping children were carried in a couch at 2 o'clock in the morning, and the court started for Trianon, the well-known favorite residence of Marie Antoinette. Charles X, on horse ack, rode at the door of the carriage, in which th children continued their sleep. A few steps belind rode also an Amazon with pistols at her belt. She was the famous Duchess of Berry, who displayed in 1832 such remarkable courage in her fight against Louis Philtppe, whom she looked upon as the usurper of her son's royal rights. That son, the little Duke of Bor deaux, was playing "horse" at the Castle of Ramboutllet, where the court had taken refuge eing too near revolutionary Paris-when he was prolaimed King of France. Charles X had signed his abdication in that historic castle, and the Baron de Damas was sent to the room occupied by the children. The young Duke and his sister had built up with hairs a kind of carriage, which they dragged around the room, the little Duke acting as driver of the improvised vehicle. Baron de Damas entered, and, bowing

"Sire, I am charged to let you know that your august grandfather, being unable to give happiness to France, despite the wishes of his heart, has just abdicated, and it is you, Monseigneur, who are to reign under the name of Henri V."

The child got down from his coachman's seat, and, placing himself in front of the Baron, with his hands aised in astonishment, exclaimed:

"Grandpa, who is so good, has not been able to give happiness to France; and they want to make me a king! What nonsense! This is impossible." jumping again upon the chair which answered for the driver's seat, he took up the reins and said to his sis-ter: "Go ahead, sissle, let us play!" Shortly after the court, hearing of the approach of

Shortly after the court, hearing of the approach of the insurgents, begin list journey, in order to embark on board of some vessel for England. The vovage lasted for fourteen days, and the King, with all his suite, were subjected to terrible hardships. Madame de Gontani-Biron relates how the little Princess could not go to sleep because she was famished. One day they could not find even one erg for her, and the Duchess, after having ransacked the whole house where the court stepped for the night, discovered only a stale crust of oread upon the top of a cupboard. Finally Charles X arrived at Cherbourg, August 16, 1830, and embarked on board the steamer Great liritain. The host which carried into exile the elder branch of the Bourbons was the property of one of the brothers of the Emperor Napoleon, who had been himself exiled by these same Bourbons.

One Would Rather Have Left Unwritten,-Proud father (reading his son's school report): "Manner culcar—very vulgar. But perhaps this is hereditary: —Punch.

The Ruggedest Path in Life If it be but irradiated by good health, is shorn of half

its distasteful features. Hosts of distinguished men and women have uttered rigrets for a past when young, full of vigor and hope, though battling with obstacles that seemed well nigh insurmountable, their pulses beat, their veins tingled with the glow of joyous health. Chronic taxalids, would you once more feel that glow, would youas of yore-sleep, eat, digest perfectly? Then use, with eas, dyspepsia, hypochendria, a loss of appetite and sleep laired constitutional vigor speedily prevalls against. Rheu-matic and neuralgic aliments, malarial disorders, kidney his brow and his hands clasped behind him like troubles, and the growing infirmities of age, are succe an understudy of Napoleon at St. Helena; the man fully combatted by this benign specific.

A PURITANICAL JOURNEY.

MADE BY JOHN PAUL! FROM NEW-YORK TO NANTUCKET.

It was on the Puritan that we left New-York. And it certainly seemed in accordance with the name to find the legs of the vessel's walking-beam covered and the decks and decorations toned down to a becoming sobriety of tint-quite a different drab from that which was noticeable in the gilt-button days of the late if The lamented Commodore Fisk.

housing of the paddle-boxes, too, seemed an effort put forth in the direction of humility as well as of economy of space. A magnificent promenade is thus secured-at the sacrifice of some beauty. possibly, but that we miss and mourn the redundant curves of other days merely proves that custom makes law in nesthetics as well as in politics and similar rights of way. steamboat without visible paddleboxes forcibly suggests the hammerless gun! And hammerless guns, now the rage, when first they came were generally considered unsightly and somewhat improper.

But Puritan though this boat be, there are nevertheless many stories about her! Counting the lower-cabin as one, there are then the maindeck, the saloon-deck, the upper saloon-deck, and the promenade-deck-this latter rather corresponding to the roof. However, four high if not well seasoned stories can be mustered, and from their serene height one looks down upon lesser craft with contempt. The size of these monsters is as difficult to remember as are the vows of lovers, So I will go into no details. On the whole, not always to remember is well the things one mainly that one respects. My Puritan's height and length and breadth will the more interest the reader if they remain to him as unknown quantities. Familiarity with a Puritan's dimensions might breed comtempt rather than belief, if haply it did not reveal me limitations. But "Puritan," "Pilgrim, Plymouth," whence sprung this new birth of nomes?-to say nothing of the new berths and staterooms. Before, and when Fisk was on deck we had Providences and Bristols; towns, as it were, not principles. Are we now putting on the primitiveness that prevailed before the Fall-before the Fall River Line fell, one might say? Quite in line is it that these great bathers assume propriety, even if they have it not, when Asbury Park comes to the front with the declaration that nun's veiling does not drapery make nor mosquito bars a cagei. e. for the Jersey shore-and that postage stamps, even of the highest denomination, do not suffice for the sea-going male. Is it not written that to the pure all things are indecent?

There is convenience as well as elegance about the fittings of the perfected steamboat of the period. The flat luxury-I mean the flat lux-of the apparatus that enables one to turn a flood of radiance on with the fingers, or summon a darkey if not darkness by pressing a button; the racks under the chairs for hats; the rails around the decks for feet; the peep-holes which no key can obscure arranged in stateroom door locks,-it were difficult to enumerate all the conveniences that modern invention has bestowed upon a travelling public. So I'll simply say that the woods are full of them. But I'll also say for steady-going, straight-out-and-out comfort, give me a catboat The one I can run, the other I could not. No Puritan in mine, if you please. In event of a sudden squall, on or about the catboat, you have but to drop the peak-halliards and half the sail is off; on one of these big steamboats I don't know what you'd do, unless kick down one of the smokestacks. (Under short flue you'd scarcely fly so fast through the water.)

You will notice, too, that even the soundest catboat has no steam fog-horn to pester you the night through. Never did I sail-I mean steamon a Sound steamer that the fog-horn was not started immediately that I turned in and kept werthrow of Charles X from the French throne in industriously blowing till I turned out in the fog. But this is jumping at facts-you start out Chambers, and that in answer to her criticisms of that with a fog-horn conclusion. On no occasion do speech, which she considered too severe, the old King I remember to have seen a fog when I turned on my electric search-light or poked my head out of the window. This may have been because my window generally gave on a butler's pantry or a not bear it any longer; I would rather 'put the key | coalbunker, but it would need a Congregational

Arriving in Fall River on a catboat, at an unholy hour of the morning, you'd be bothered by the departure of fewer trains and fewer demoncathoat, information as to when your train did well as on the mast-that is, if I had anything to do with the catboat. On the Puritan you have to ring the bell for somebody and ask anybody who comes. And it is an even chance that somebody doesn't come, and if anybody does, that he doesn't know. Generally they bring icewater instead of information. To the Puritan all liquors are adulterations.

From Fall River to New-Bedford the cars went loaded with sunny sons of Italy, their sons, and sons' sons, their daughters and their wives. (Eyetalians, the brakemen called them.) Quite a local flavor was noticeable, to say nothing of a general fragrance; one might well think himself near to Naples. The women and little girls wore handkerchiefs tied over their heads-which perhaps accounted for the scarcity of sandy hair among them. None of the women were pretty and few were passable, which, in view of the fact of their speaking no English, was unfortunate for them. A pretty woman can easier make herself understood to the conductor-is more passable, so to speak-than the ugly one. Even I, who am but a non-conductor, listen with more ease to the beauty-give information with less effortthan to her plainer sister, however old and respectable this latter may be

In the case of this car full of foreigners my knowledge of modern languages stood me and

them in good stead : "Keep your heads in if you don't want to get

them knocked off," shouted the conductor to some of the young immigrants who were craning their necks out of the window. They looked at him inquiringly.

"Mucho malo," I said, pointing to a rock that threatened the side of the cur.

A black-eyed urchin at once popped his head out-and the next moment drew half of it back. The other half remained on the rock-and probably became a feature of the landscape thereabout. Hard on the boy perhaps, but he learned something If ever again he travels with me he'll likely understand my Italian though he have less head for languages generally. Quite an intelligent expression came into the faces of the other childrenas well as into what was left of his-and for the rest of the journey they studied the geology of the country at a safe distance from it, but with evident interest. The father did not thank me for my translation-perhaps because the boy did not quite translate it-but if King Humbert does not send me a decoration he ought at least to see to it that we get better mafia and maccaroni from the

country that Rudini governs.

A little language now and then is relished by the best of men. And a little goes a great ways if properly administered and distributed. Soon after the rock episode a lot of the Italians were chattering away—perhaps discussing the purity of my Italian in view of the feet that I came down on the Puritan—to the discussing the purity of my Italian in view of the fact that I came down on the Puritan—to the great disturbance of an elderly gentleman who was reading and trying to understand the various explanations in the financial columns of different newspapers of Why our Gold goes to Europe.

"Stop your blauned racket!" he yelled angrily. But the chatter went on more than before and imploringly he looked at me—having heard my previous Italian.

imploringly he looked at me-naving heard my previous Italian. "Polenta silentio!" I commanded, holding up an impressive finger.

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It worked like a flaxseed poultice on the Sound or the blows of sound, I mean. And one of the Italians—a gray-headed one-taking a short pipe from his mouth, leaned over and whispered into my ear, "Bedad, yer accent is fine, sor."

when they were hustled from the car in which they first planted themselves with bag and baggage, into the smoking-car; and the conductor, in answer to my question, said, "Yes, they were taken for half-price." Why, then, should I, who travelled with them and in the smoking-car, pay full fare? Whether or not they be the bone and sinew of the land I know not, but for a certainty a good deal of bone and sinew—that which remained from their repasts—was spread on all sides of me. And right here.

travelled with them and in the smoking-car, pay full fare? Whether or not they be the bone and sinew of the land I know not, but for a certainty a good deal of bone and sinew—that which remained from their repasts—was spread on all sides of me. And right here, I wonder why a smoking-car should not only be filthy when put on for its purpose, but also kept in that condition till it fails into filthy pieces? Have smoken no equities which those who cater for the comfort of travellers are bound to respect? Card tables are provided for those who play cards, why not cuspidores for those who play promiscously, or with improvised hose, on and over the floor of the car? (As I'm not now writing for Italians perhaps I would better translate "cuspidores," and say spittoons.) The terrible car-stove is banished—or being banished. Why not go a step further and do away with the evils of the spit?

Arrived at New-Bedford you find yourself in a thriving village, principally consisting of old whaleships and the Wamsutta Mills. It has ohurches and banks, but most of the people go to the mills—which grind slowly but turn out an exceedingly fine cloth—and the wealth of the place, there being little money put in whaleships nowadays, is carried around in the pockets of the president of the Wamsutta Company. The name of that gentleman is Pierce, elsewhere pronounced as spelled, but here pronounced as Purs, perhaps because of his having been for a long time Treasurer of the aforesaid mills. It may be mentioned in passing that a younger Mr. Pierce owns, in company with myself and Mr. Kendrick, of the Old Colony road, the fine steamboats that ply between New-Bedford, Wood's Holl, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. It may not be unfitting, also, to mention in this connection that we have lately built a new boat, the Gayhead, christened after a tribe of Indians of that name, driven out and exterminated from the land by the Quakers. We called her the Gayhead rather than the Deadhead for obvious reasons. We have put her on for the afternoon trip

THE MANCHESTER CANAL.

A COMMERCIAL DREAM OF LONG AGO NOW NEARING REALIZATION.

Manchester, July 18. The Manchester Ship Canal may now be regarded as an accomplished fact. There has already been a preliminary opening of the great ditch. It is not yet finished by any means. A vast amount of work is yet to be done on it, so much that the constructors now ask for an extension of time. They were to finish the entire undertaking by August 5 next year; but they ask to have the date postponed to December 31, 1893. 'Even the latter date will leave a short time for the accomplishment of such a vast job. For it was only in November, 1887, at an outof-the-way spot near Eastham, that the first spacieful of earth was dug. Perhaps the work s now about three-quarters done. But that is enough to prove the easy practicability of the whole. There are no serious obstacles to be overcome; there have been none. And at last

the great cotton capital may be regarded as a It is now nearly 200 years since the idea of making Manchester a shipping centre was seriously considered, and at the opening of the present century steps were taken to put the idea into practice. There was then communication by water between Manchester and Liverpool, by way of the Irwell River and the Bridgewater Canal; but it was not at all adequate to the needs of the city. For years the tradesmen of Manchester clamored for better transportation, and at last, in 1825, went before Parliament with two schemes. One was for the construction of a railroad, the other for the construction of a "Manchester and Dee Ship Canal." former was, after some delay, successful, and a splendidly efficient and profitable railroad service has since been evolved from it, and a powerful interest arrayed against the canal which is now approaching completion. But the Man-chester and Dee Ship Canal never got beyond paper. It is, however, interesting at this time to recall the character of the plans laid at that time. The entrance was to be at Dawpool, about three tailes seaward of Parkgate on the southern shore of the Wirral Peninsula. Independent engineers had reported that the sea channel to Council in full convocation assembled to con- Dawpool was equal in depth to any harbor in the country. The canal was to be entered from the estuary of the Dee by access in the first instance through a basin about eight acres in extent, with an entrance 132 feet wide; thence through a strations on your stateroom door. And in the half-tide dock of two and three-fourth acres of water area, afterward passing into a full-tide start would be posted up on all sides of you, as dock with nine acres of water area and about half a mile of quay frontage. Vessels proceed-Manchester would enter the canal ing to by a lock 115 feet in length, 33 feet breadth, and 15 feet in these dimensions governing the series of fifteen

locks on the route of the canal. The entrance basin and docks were to be inclosed within two piers, leaving an aperture of 132 feet, the seaward pier being 990 feet in length, and the upper pier 2,640 feet. The top width of the canal was to be 70 feet, the depth being 15 feet. As out of 7,823 vessels frequenting the port of Liverpool in one year only 851 exceeded 250 tons, the projected canal was designed for the passage of vessels up to that tonnage. Vossels exceeding that tonnage could load or discharge in the entrance basins by means of lighters, such as were used to convey the cargoes of vessels frequenting the port of London to the Pool before the East Indian Dock was constructed. Two of such lighters with locked hatches would be ample for the conveyance of the lading of any such vessels exceeding 250 tons with cargoes intended for or coming from Manchester. This arrangement was made in order to minimize the outlay on the canal works. The entire work would cost about \$8,300,000; the length of the canal would be fifty-one miles with some fourteen locks. That was sixty-five years ago. Since then the

annual tonnage of Liverpool port has increased from 1,181,000 to 9,292,000, with a corresponding

in 1,181,000 to 9,292,000, with a corresponding case in dock dues. The population of the area violet this canal will be the natural commercial to this risen from 2,713,000 to 7,500,000, we rage size of vessels arriving at Liverpool increased from 118 to 410 tons. So 4 the Manchester and Dee Canal been dug, and years ago have been practically useless. The Manchester and the carry plans, core, with those that are now nearing execution. The canal is only thirty-five miles long, the Mersey to Manchester. There is a tidal sion of twelve miles from Eastham to Runt, through the Mersey estuary, and from Runt to Warrington, eight miles more. The width he bettom is 100 feet, and the minimum depth corn, through the Mersey estnary, and from Run-corn to Warrington, eight miles more. The width at the bottom is 100 feet, and the minimum depth at low tide is twenty-six feet. Then, from War-rington to Manchester, fifteen miles and a half, is the second division, of the same depth and bottom breadth as the other, and a surface breadth of 300 feet. There are twelve looks, in four groups of three each, with a total rise of sixty feet. The amount of excavation will aggregate nearly 50,000,000.

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The construction of this great canal has caused The construction of this great canal has caused the establishment of whole new villages of work-men's houses, and added to the teeming population of this part of Engiand a new element. These workmen are, on the whole, not a bad lot, but orderly and good natured, and their cottages show marks of refinement, different from the shanties of religional builders in America. Such hyperical marks of rennement, different from the shandes of railroad builders in America. Such luxuries as white curtains, says an observer, are common, and neatness generally prevails outside and in. The religious, mental and bodily welfare of the navy is well looked after. Mission rooms have everywhere been established and procedure. navvy is well looked after. Mission rooms have everywhere been established and preachers engaged. Reading-rooms, some of them managed mainly by navvies, have been established, and opportunities for playing chess, draughts, and bagatelle afforded. Concerts are frequently given, and the navvies are fond of taking part in negro minstrel chtertainments. There have also been cricket matches between different gangs, but the navvies are more dexterous handlers of the pick or shovel than of the bat. Hospital accommodation is provided and the services of medical officers retained, but accidents have been few and the general health good. Within a few weeks after the beginning

but accidents have been few and the general means good. Within a few weeks after the beginning there were 6,000 men engaged on the construction of the canal. There were also being utilized lifty-six steam excavators, seventy-three locomotives, 2,367 wagons, fifty steam cranes, and seventy-nine miles of temporary railroad. But these figures were rapidly and enormously increased, and a fair-sized army is now at work and will be kept been for two years to come.

It is worthy of remark that these travellers a fair-sized army is now at we paid only smoking-car fares. I guessed as much busy for two years to come.